

Winifred Black Writes of Hatred Turning Home Into Worse Than Purgatory

By WINIFRED BLACK.

LOVE, friendship, indifference, hate. I found the two names written on a slip of paper the other day—names with the letters crossed—don't you remember when you used to do that?

How anxious you were to see what his name said when you crossed the letters of it with the letters of yours.

Love, friendship, indifference, hate—eighteen has been around. Love—what a word it is! How much it means and how very, very little.

Friendship—ah, there's something for you! Something worth having, as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar, as true as the heart of a true woman! Friendship—for me—forever!

Two Sad Words. Indifference—comfortable word, that. Cool and casual and do-as-you-please. No heartaches, no jealousy, no love that turns to hate, no hate that tries to masquerade as love. Indifference is a stupid partner—but not cruel nor an exacting one.

Hate—black hate, cowardly hate, envious hate, jealous hate, the hate that comes when it should be remorse! No hate for me or mine, please, oh, guardian of my fate!

Love Turns Into Hate. Many a marriage that begins in love ends in hate, and many stop at friendship, and many leave friendship for indifference. The happiest marriages I know are those that begin with love and end with friendship.

The fine, true, deep-seated, faithful, loving friendship that is the true devotion of many a happy married pair.

Hate—it is a dreadful thing anywhere, but when it enters the home it turns that home into something worse than purgatory.

I know a woman whose husband is in love with another woman. She would not rest until she had wrung the confession from him, and now that he has confessed to her he hates her, and tells her of it, and says he wishes she would die or run away or do anything on earth to get out of his life and leave him free to marry the woman with whom he is infatuated.

Playing a Losing Game. And do you know what that poor broken-hearted wife is doing? She is staying with her husband, forcing herself upon him, making him take her places, pretending to laugh at him, trying to cover her crucifying agony with a pretense of satirical amusement. I never take the paper in the morning these days without hoping that I will not read there the story of another tragedy.

What would I do if I were a wife like that? I would leave that husband. If I had children and were unable to take care of them, I would do what I could to make him provide for me and for my children.

If I were young and strong and intelligent I would pack my things and go away without one word, and when the time came I would set him free, and I would never see him again, not as long as I lived.

I would take care of myself and I would be too busy to grieve. And after a while I would find peace, contentment and even happiness, and I would look back again sometimes and wonder at the insanity which had tempted me to tie the chains of my misery tighter and tighter around my neck by remaining with a man who wanted to get rid of me.

The man? Oh, let the other woman worry about him! He'll give her plenty to do—never fear. Copyright, 1920, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Memory



Cocoa as a Food

By Loretta C. Lynch.

"All right," he said meekly. "Go ahead."

Seating herself by the table, on which stood the lamp, she began to read.

Ruth Gets Interested. At first she was conscious of herself and of the part she was trying to play. Then, as the exquisite poem cast its spell over her, she read on for mere delight in the music of the words.

Her voice was raised with feeling. The clock on the mantel-piece ticked away the hour, but the couple were oblivious of the flight of time.

When the last page was reached the girl repeated the closing line slowly, softly, her voice breaking on the final word. Her eyes were full of tears. She was thankful that her companion could not see them. But, as if conscious of her thought, he held out his hand to her.

"After all, darling," he said, "it is not so good a poem as you are together—even in death. To have lived apart would have been the tragedy—not dying together."

Then, as she did not speak, he continued: "It is beautiful—that poem—because it is true. It could end in no other way. Why, darling, his voice vibrating with tenderness, 'I would rather die, he said, than live without you.' That would be living death to me, sweetheart. Perhaps I ought not to say this, but at this moment I cannot help telling you that."

She was silent. This was agony to listen to the tenderness in his voice and not gratify the longing of her heart to respond to it.

"Every day," he went on, "you are dearer and more necessary to me. 'Hark!' he interrupted him, starting up from her chair, 'I hear your father coming!'"

As she spoke the portieres across the door were pushed aside and Daniel Rodney came into the room.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS

TWO BUBBLES. By John Temple Graves, Jr. Boston: The Stratford Co.

A neat little volume, and a pleasing little story. Nothing extraordinary, to be sure, but one of those mysterious works that accomplishes more than the mere telling of a story. It makes one think.

John Granville, bubble blower, is handicapped by an over-rich imagination, which makes him regard the mild, unpleasant events in his life as objects of nameless horrors. It further drives him into impracticable love affairs in which he overidealizes his innamorata.

Then come two things from over the seas—the War and the Lady of Stars and Snow and Steel.

He tried to blow the usual bubbles, but these two things were even more powerful than John Granville's imagination. His bubbles burst again, it is true, but they were the last he ever blew.

He emerged from the gloom and the pinnacle of impossibility upon which he had perched his Lady of Stars and Snow and Steel became all at once plain to him as a mirror. He saw her as a human, a woman, lovable and loving, and not as an ideal.

Running through the whole story of "Two Bubbles" is a political idealism, a social viewpoint with which some perhaps will disagree, but which is of universal interest, the individual psychology being subtly portrayed. But the Spirit of Bubbles is not lost sight of. "Two Bubbles" has all the bloom of a first love, a first adventure.

Practical Patriotism.

A surgeon who was about to perform an operation of a very simple character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient asked him if he were willing to have only a local anesthetic. "Certainly," replied the patient. "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever I can."

The Australian wattle is an acacia.

Cocoa as a Food

By Loretta C. Lynch.

THE other day I called on one of those old ladies—dear old soul—who for years has been a tea pot. The teapot was never off her stove. If you came early enough you got fresh tea. But as the first tea was made for breakfast, one would have to be a mighty early caller to ever get first-run tea in that home. But can you imagine my surprise after I had politely stolen myself for the cup of health-deceiving tea when the dear old hostess served me a cup of delicious cocoa?

But she explained. Seems that since both tea and coffee have become so very expensive she decided to try cocoa, with the result that she is having better health than in some years, and also finds herself eating less of the more expensive foods.

Except for the drop of milk or cream and sugar, there is no food value in tea or coffee. Cocoa or chocolate is not only nourishing of itself, but, being made with a large proportion of milk, it is a food quite as much as it is a drink. Yet there is cocoa and cocoa. And whenever I hear a person declare that she does not like cocoa I have a suspicion that she has never had the real pleasure of drinking well-made cocoa.

For each cup of the beverage, two level teaspoons of sugar and one level teaspoon of cocoa. Mix together in a saucepan and add one-fourth cup water. Bring to the boiling point and add one-half measuring cup of scalded milk. If an aluminum skin forms, beat the mixture with a Dover egg beater.

There are two faults common to the beverage cocoa. Many of the cheaper confectionery shops that sell "hot chocolate" put the raw cocoa or chocolate powder in a cup, add some boiling cream and the sweetening. Folks often complain that this concoction gives them indigestion. And it is not to be wondered at, for the raw starch of the cocoa powder never is cooked with boiling water. Moreover, since very little and sometimes no milk at all is used, the concoction is not nourishing to any marked degree, and sometimes not even palatable.

Some drug stores having soda fountains make the cocoa with a fair proportion of milk, but then they keep the mixture boiling all day long. Milk that is boiled even day long is difficult to digest.

Naturally, milk that is boiled all day is most difficult to digest. Chocolate pudding is always well-made. To make it, mix one cup each of cocoa, sugar and cocoa in a saucepan. Slowly stir in one quart of milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick.

Boil one minute longer and turn into molds previously dipped into cold water. Serve with milk or plain or whipped cream or marshmallow or a simple custard sauce.

There are some very effective ways of using unsweetened chocolate on cake. Recently I saw a cake covered with whipped cream and then the cake of chocolate had been passed over the grater so that hundreds of tiny shreds of chocolate fell upon this snowy white surface.

A Legal Difficulty.

The passengers on a steamer were having a rough passage, and among them were a judge and a barrister. The latter was very ill.

The judge, perceiving his friend's plight, inquired solicitously: "Can I do anything for you?" "Yes," replied the barrister, "you might overrule this motion!"

Office-to-Home Story

THE ANGEL AND MERE MAN.

By A. B. Argo.

ORDINARILY Jimmie Farrington would have realized that angels don't use handkerchiefs.

But this wasn't an ordinary occasion. Instead, it was the apocalyptic of his emotional history. Being all this, it was only fitting that the woman who had translated him into the seventh heaven should be enveloped in a cerulean cloud which had the translation of which he had seen to consist of a modish traveling gown of horizon blue surmounted by a small hat of cornflowers.

Jimmie saw only the sapphire eyes—in which his very soul was drowned, as his body undoubtedly would have been had he ventured into the lake to which he likened them—and he was lost.

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And so, perforce, he now obeyed that official order—reluctantly, abjectly, but with hate in his heart, for by the time the conductor released him the girl had disappeared.

With her going the day closed for Jimmie in Stygian darkness; the people who moved before him were but blacker shadows against the general gloom, while he himself was experiencing that same sense of the bottom having dropped out of everything that was his when he had made his maiden flight in an airplane.

Then suddenly he knew the rapture that had come to him when first he had known the joyous freedom of guiding unaided the great winged ship of the air—up, up, up until the earth and sky were one.

There was a jolt. The girl was seen to be accompanied by a man. Jimmie loathed him at first sight. He would have loved to believe him her brother, but no kinsman of hers could be disgraced by so pugnacious a jaw.

It was a sacrilege to even think that the creature might be her husband, but he was walking with her and talking with her outside there in the world of light, while the envious onlooker was fastened in a cage just like—oh, horrors! Did she think of him as a monkey? Could she be made to think of him at all?

They were coming this way. They were at the end of the still long line. Jimmie gave a ticket to Hartford to the man who had asked for one to New York, and he showed a deferential air to a grinning negro porter. There followed a period

of merciful oblivion in which his subconscious mind must have acted with fair accuracy, for if he made blunders they were ricocheted back to him.

At last! At last! Her face was only two feet from his. Now he was hopelessly drowned in those twin sapphire lakes. The hand and handkerchief still hid her mouth. It was the man with her who spoke.

"Can you tell us where to find a good dentist around here?" His subconscious mind still being on the job, Jimmie stammered an address. The grateful glance of the blue eyes was a benediction. The objectionable man no longer existed for Jimmie. Never in all the realms of divine justice—it was only in terms of divinity that he was thinking—could that jaw-envisaged beast be the recipient of such a look as that just bestowed upon him.

The luckiest devil that had ever been so blind to his own God-given opportunities as to have pined for his car and the open road leading far away from all possibility of this meeting.

Blind and insane indeed—for far away in his own ecstatic bliss he had ignored her possible suffering. If that dentist dared to hurt her—well, he was master of a few jiu jitsu tricks.

The angel and the mere man started to the door. They hesitated, looking at their bags on a nearby bench. Jimmie found his voice. Would they let him care for their hand luggage in their absence? They would. He positively gurgled his thanks for the privilege.

The man frowned, but the girl smiled and that was bliss now—how bliss! Jimmie shivered at the first time in his life Jimmie conceded that there might be sense in poetry.

The waiting room was now empty. He was free to follow, or at least to loiter. But Higgins again! More orders. More impatience. More ridiculous fault-finding. The conductor unquestionably had it in for him, and the conductor was strangely influential with Farrington Senior. Jimmie shivered at the thought of his unrelenting parent and gave the official all the attention his bemused mind could summon. At last his tormentor left, but the hat of corn-flowers had also disappeared.

Jimmie rubbed his eyes. He was still seeing blue. No, it was not an hallucination. That was her handkerchief on the sill of his cage. It was long before he could sufficiently master his awe to touch most reverently one corner of the sacred wisp of cambric and embroidery. Probably it would reveal her initials—possibly even her name.

His hand trembled as he lifted something heavy, and from the soft folds in his nerveless fingers dropped a set of false teeth.

A lightning bolt from the cloudless blue could not have more completely stunned him. So that was why she had wanted a dentist? What horrible accident could have brought about so hideous a necessity? One thing alone was clear in his whirling brain. She must never know that he knew.

When she reached the dentist's office she would miss her property and come back. What should he do? There was a glimpse of blue at the end of the station platform. Desperately he tugged open the smaller bag and threw in the teeth and the handkerchief. There was a distant whistle, a rush of steps, and the young man pantingly demanded his bags, to catch the only momentarily stopping express.

A flash of blue, and once more darkness. Out of the inky black emerged the face of Bill Higgins.

Jim was not surprised. His ugly physiognomy belonged appropriately to these abyssal depths into which he had sunk with the passing of the train that bore away the light of the world.

"What was it the conductor was saying?" Painfully Jimmie tried to focus his attention on his words. They were repeated in a voice like the crack of doom, done, done, done. "What have you done," roared Bill Higgins, "with my teeth I left on the ledge here?"

DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR

Waking the Child's Soul

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever, Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-Known Educator.

YOUR child may grow from infancy to full adulthood in the physical presence of a great masterpiece of art, and never consciously discover its presence.

Now point to the landlady in the background, mounted, to the heavily laden wagon and the evidence of an abundant harvest so far as crop-production is concerned.

At length the inspiring eye of the child learner will come to the real picture in the foreground, the three peasant women—a girl, a mother and grandmother—stooping characteristically for their age and picking up the scattered grain heads dropped by the harvesters.

Study for a moment each gleaner, the quick moving girl at the left, the slower woman between and the old grandmother at the right. Note the almost feverish diligence, the persistent obliviousness to surroundings.

Now, take your child's imagination back to the thought of the ages—of 5,000 years ago this awful struggle with hunger was going on, of how it is here today just as fierce as an enemy. Show your little companion how these three patient women are not working for pleasure or from desire, but are driven on to a fight with the gaunt enemy of starvation for themselves and their loved ones.

Finally, picture the vast millions of peasants throughout Europe and the old world today, bending low before the god of hunger, scraping together wherever they can a thin morsel of food for their famishing households.

Resolve that from this day forward the great Frenchman's masterpiece will talk to your child wherever he chances to see it, will remind him of the little favored spot in which God saw fit to have him born, while millions earn millions of other little ones came into the world of wretchedness, want and hunger.

And may your little one be thus merged in sympathy with all the hungry of the world.

The first person to fly in Europe was Santos-Dumont, who on October 23, 1906, covered a distance of 200 feet.

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Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

NOTHING is more easily adulterated than flavoring essences, or extracts, and while it is true that the pure food laws demand a strict accounting as to the purity of the extracts, so often we are inclined to accept the "imitation pure raspberry flavor" and think nothing of it.

It is admitted that such a product is pure, in that the combination of ingredients are not harmful; but nothing artificial ever could or did imitate Nature's own; and so, if you have a regard for the delicacy and fragrance of real flavors, insist on having the genuine.

You can get them. I have found that whereas we used to get one-ounce bottles or two-ounce bottles, now we frequently get three-fourths of an ounce and one and a half ounces. Of course the bottles are labeled, but they are what is called panel bottles, they have long necks and while they may look as though they had the same quantity inside, they have not.

Next time you purchase a flavoring extract, compare them and see. If your prices are the same for one and a half ounces as for two ounces, then it is time to investigate.

And if the price is the same for "pure fruit juice" as for "imitation," would you not rather have the pure?

Mind you, I do not claim that any manufacturer is trying to cheat by using the smaller bottles, but the trouble is that the average housewife is careless and she knows prices are mounting higher and higher so that she lets herself be deceived when by a little carefulness she could obtain better values for her money.

The Pure Juices. Now about the "pure" juices. I was in a big establishment recently where I was given the opportunity of smelling a jug of pure concentrated pineapple juice just as it had come from the Hawaiian Islands, and the fragrance was wonderful; then I smelled from a jug of imitation pineapple essence. Oh, the disappointment!

Pure raspberry juice and cherry juice come all the way from Holland, and it does seem a shame that we cannot have them manufactured in our own country. Strawberry juice we get here, of course, but not lemon oil for the lemon extract.

The lemon oil comes from Italy. Why? This is the question I asked the chemist. "Because," said he, "climatic conditions, altitude, and soil all affect vegetation. We cannot get the same quality of lemon oil from anywhere else."

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\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

I saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. Now about it! Be brief and write only on one side of paper. I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it. Checks will be mailed to winners.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

points. The Mexican vanilla is the best in the world, costing the wholesaler as much as \$6.50 a pound, while vanilla beans from other tropical countries may be purchased for as low as \$1.75 a pound.

I saw a special arrangement of two tasks being revolved by electricity, whirled round and round, macerating the vanilla bean with the necessary amount of water and alcohol. First, of course, the bean is chopped and ground, then into this specially invented machine it is pounded 47,000 times a day with the liquid to extract the precious flavor.

And it goes through the finest copper screen I ever saw to extract those tiny seeds. Copper wire so finely woven and so flexible that it is like a piece of wonderful silk.